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WASHINGTON

## Mark-Down

- IN ALL OUR -

Our Fall and Winter Goods are coming on, and in order to make room for them we must make this

## GREAT SACRIFICING SALE

- ON ALL -

LIGHT-WEIGHT SUITS, SUMMER COATS AND VESTS, SINGLE COATS. NEGLIGEE SHIRTS,

STRAW HATS, CRUSHERS.

CALL AND GET OUR PRICES

AND ON ALL KINDS OF SUMMER CLOTHING.

THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU.

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# Jersey Coffee

Don't Fail to Ask Your Grocer for

AND TAKE NO OTHER.

### GAS and ELECTRIC

CHANDELIERS, NEWELS.

BRACKETS.

Latest styles. Best quality. Come and see them.

ANESHAENSEL & STRONG,

83 North Pennsylvania St. South end Denison Hotel.

INDIANAPOLIS BREWING CO. Controlling the C. F. Schmidt Brewery, P. Lieber Brewing Co., C. Maus Brewery, furnish the various brands of beer—Celebrated Wiener, Special Brew, Lager, and Pilsener Beera.

HEAD OFFICE: C. F. Schmit's Brewery, Indianapolis, Ind.

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boat route.

For \$1 you can go to Long Branch and return by sea or land, visiting the swellest watering place on the Jersey coast. That his pockets.

to find her way into her own pocket, but all out with over-watering or coarse fertilizers. Decayed sods, leaves and grass, with ground bone-dust, make our berries Notice the substance and the weight. No

NEW YORK IN SUMMER TIME

Something Concerning the Many Attractions Offered by the Metropolis.

They Are of the Widest Variety, Healthful and Wholesome, and in Cheapness Are Not Approached by Any City in the World.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal. NEW YORK, July 24.-Summer in New York is not the summer of any other American city, save, perhaps, that of Boston. Yet even Boston environs do not present as great a variety of cooling pleasure resorts, as easy of access, as cheap of enjoyment. Manhattan island is crowded, it is true, and it is sometimes oppressively hot in the glowing dog days. But, lying as it does lie, practically surrounded by great stretches of salt water, it suffers more from the excessive moisture in the atmosphere than from the direct attacks of the sun. The steady sait-water breezes that do not affect the mercury in the thermometer spread their gentle induence everywhere among a grateful people and make daily summer life in the metropolis tolerable and even enjoyable. It is but a few years since I thought this sort of thing "tafty." But I have experimented a good deal in the meantime, and, with an experience founded upon extensive travel, I have come to the conclusion that the city of New York, taken all in all, the year around, is the most satisfactory place in which to live. This not only compared with other American cities, but with the chief cities of the world. I carefully make the distinction, all the year 'round and all in all. For there are many delightful cities of the earth where, at particular seasons of the year and for particular purposes desired, it is more agreeable to live. It is alike lovely in Venice, Berlin, Lucerne, Paris, Washington, Rome, Charleston at various certain seasons, and the experienced tourist will so time his visits as to be in when it comes to living year after year and remaining in a place winter and summer, you have the true test of your judgment of an abiding-place. In this respect I know of no large city of the world that will fairly rival the city of New York.

SOME OF NEW YORK'S ATTRACTIONS.

The principal summer attraction of this city for the resident as well as for the visitor is in its lovely and easily accessible environs, its parks and gardens and summer amusements. Perhaps half a million people, born and raised in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, enjoy these things quite as a matter of course, without any particular knowledge of other cities. They never knew anything else, and, like the boys on an Indiana farm, they regard it in a hundrum way, as hunting for meadow larks or going a-fishing down by the old mill, or an occasional visit to the county-seat. I was thinking of this the other day when, in company with an old college chum, now a well-known Western politician, I sat on the upper deck of a steamer plowing her way up the East river through Hell Gate. We had boarded her from the elevated in the heat of the midafternoon at Cortlandt street, beheld the A CUP OF BAD COFFEE at breakfast will frequently ruin the peace of the household for an entire husband ill-natured, the wife cross, and is the greatest Coffee-using Nation in the world, and it has been said that THIRTY-FIVE PER CENT. of the DI-HAPPINESS. It is

It aroma and never fails to the start and the start an

how little we knew of all this vision of life and loveliness when we were boys in Indians. Take the most intelligent and well-read people of the interior, for instance, how little they realize that such a picture as we have this day seen exists at all, and if they were told of it in the most glowing English they couldn't comprehend it. I suppose. I confess I have never dreamed of it, and I've been in New York several times. And all for forty cents!"

Yet this is but one of the many avenues of summer recreation and pleasure for New Yorkers. For 50 cents you can board an iron steamboat, built for excursion comfort, and pass down the bay under the guns of Castle Williams, Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton, through the Narrows and the lewer bay, viewing Sandy Hook and the Highlands, out to sea and around to Coney island and return, either by the same route

Highlands, out to sea and around to Coney island and return, either by the same route or by rail through to Brooklyn. There are three or four ways: complete by rail, by rail and boat and by boat entirely—all for 50 cents for the round trip.

For 25 cents you take a spendid Statenisland ferry-boat, cross the upper bay, land at St. George, at the head of the island, transfer to the rapid-transit cars and are carried along the romantic shore of the Narrows to South Beach, the lower end of the island. Here are pavilions and all sorts of amusements, sea-bathing, etc., the same as you can get at Coney island, though without so heavy a surf. The same 25 cents sees you back by the same or by an all-boat route.

dollar gives you a five or six hours' sea voyage and an appetite at the close that craves roast beef and potatoes. If you are going or coming on this sea route by night be sure you take your spring overcoat. The hotter the summer day, the more you will need that overcoat before you get back. Thousands go and come on the same steamer, without getting off at Long Branch at all. For there is plenty to eat and 'lashins o' beer" and other drinks to be had on board the board. If you do want to get off, however, there are Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and half a dozen other places within reach of a quarter of a dollar more.

within reach of a quarter of a dollar more. For 25 cents you can join the wedding couples in the middle of the bay on Bedloe's island. There is the Bartholdi statue of Liberty to be seen, and the restaurants give food and liquid refreshments in a modest

OTHER PLACES. For 50 cents you can go out to the fishing banks with rod and line and try deep-sea fishing from the decks of a steamer in half a dozen different places outside from early. morn till dewy eve. And you need not bother about bait or grub, either, for they have them on board by the gallon, keg and cart-load. And if you should be a man, and of that particular turn of mind, you will come back not caring whether the fish bit well that day or not. You would have

bit well that day or not. You would have so much fun.

For \$1 you can take a big day boat on the Hudson and a long view of the American Rhine. You will see the homes of the millionaires along its wooded banks, be shown the historic towns and villages, the school of the American army officer, the Kaatskills, the Poughkeepsie bridge and any number of seductive-looking watering-place hotels. The trip will be more enjoyable that you will find good restaurants on the boat and bands of music—refreshments for the physical and mental man. If you are in a hurry you can

mental man. If you are in a hurry you can come back by rail. But you will never regret the day boat on the Hudson.

For \$1 by day, or \$2, which includes a state-room at night, you can take one of the floating palaces and "do" the Sound. It also embraces the entire scenic effects described in the first part of this article. I have never yet heard anybody say that a voyage up the sound in mid-summer, when the city air is close and

summer, when the city air is close and business is not pressing, was a mistake, or that the money was not well invested. If it is a clear day, the Long island shore under a good glass presents a pleasing landscape as long as the voyage.

These are but a few and the outside summer attractions of New York pleasure and health-seekers. What other city on the globe offers such a variety of sea, and river, and romantic, and fashionable shore? But there are scores and acres of parks and gardens within or close to the city limits accessible for five cents going and five cents coming. You can join from five thousand to eight thousand persons under the immense eight thousand persons under the immense electric-lighted, cylindrical dome of Madi-son-square Garden and listen to the grand orchestra of Theodore Thomas for 50 cents orchestra of Theodore Thomas for 50 cents and drink beer at 5 cents a glass while you enjoy your eigar and conversation. You can go on to One-hundred-and-fifty-fifth street to a Harlem garden and spend hours among the German families. There is an endless choice of these kinds of amusement, and all are cheap and few unwholesome. Therefore, all in all, if a man or a woman in New York is short of something to do and some place to go, he or she must to do and some place to go, he or she must be very stupid or very narrow of thought.
CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

SWEETKEARTING BY MOONLIGHT.

A Few Hints to Our Girls in These Romantic

Summer Evenings. Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal. The man in the moon is a very intelligent person. He sees a great many things that he never tells about; but in this gay summer time won't you be a little careful that when he looks down on you he will be able to gossip to the stars and the daily newspapers about what you are doing because it is so innocent? Won't you just remember that while the moon looks down on you sailing at night alone with some favored admirer he is thinking to himself all the time, "How foolish that girl is to go out with just that one man. He cannot talk to her and manage the The man in the moon is a very intelligent cannot talk to her and manage the boat too; and there is certain to be trouble. Why in the world did she not have a whole party come out with her!" Now, that is a very wise thought of the gentleman who very wise thought of the gentleman who lives up in the moon. Then, when he sees you strolling through the woods a mile from home, and only one of the most charming fellows in the world with you; sees you hunting for wild flowers under his dim light, and notices the immense amount of interest you take in each other, he apparently shrugs his shoulders and thinks out loud, "Well, well! What a lot of foolishness there is in girls, anyway. She will catch cold out in the night air with nothing around her; she won't find half as many flowers as she would

bashful nature.
Pale or lead-colored nails indicate melan-

choly people.

People with narrow nails are ambitious

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.

Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

Nails growing into the flesh at the points and sides indicate luxurious tastes.

Average of Human Life Extending.

Pittsburg Dispatch. The period of a generation has been lengthened by the scientists. Fifty years ago it was increased from thirty to thirty-four years, but in the last half century it has reached forty-two years. There is no telling to what extent human life may be prolonged if the present temperate manner of living is kept up.

HOME FOR WORKING WOMEN

"A Dream That Is Not All a Dream" Charmingly Related by Shirley Dare.

Comfort, Convenience and Freedom for the Inmates, and Results from Their Pleasant Tasks-The Founder's Excellent Idea.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

On a highway that ran, sunny and deserted, between green borders which loitered temptingly under the shade of drooping trees, rose a scent of blended rose, cut grass and ripening fruit from the fields within. The expression of the scene was inviting-not close-clipped, shorn to the roots and pruned to a skeleton like model places or kept in pharasaic primness, with grass plot and rose borders, saying, "Come, look at me and see how nicely I am tended;" nor did it wear the look of neglect. Rather it was superlatively well kept, without losing grace, and the grass, deep in color, was three inches longer than an American gardener would tolerate.

Above the tall arch of the gate woodbine and evergreen ivy swung their garlands, white pillar roses bloomed inside, and jessamine and clematis were further down the walk. I could hardly frame the wish to enter when my friend rang the bell at the little portal, which opened freely from within, but gave guarded entrance from

The plain, gray gabled house rose out of turf and flower borders, ite threshold only one step above the path, its broad windows framed in the cool Japan ivy, with upper casements swinging open in the sunshine. To the rear one caught sight of broad open piazzas without roof, where women were at work. But the front had Lord Bacon's mignonette border under its windows, with fragrance coming and going like sweet music, and filling the rooms within, which

the road.

were deliciously cool in matting, rattan furniture, and white linen cushions that day after the Fourth of July.

The wide stairs, with square turnings, were cool in polished chestnut, and red Leeds pots and gray blue Flemish jars full of bay, myrtle and fragrant clive incensed the entries to the roof. The interior was very simple, as I remember it, but coolness, freshness and excellent finish were everywhere. We did not peep into closet or corner that was not finished in paint, plaster and carpentry as well as any outer view. My friend was a familiar of the house, and we went through to the back porch, which was the fine-weather sitting-room of the

A porch fifteen feet wide, open to the blue overhead, with railing hung with flowers, looking on garden and orchard, is the fit place for work, and one had her em-broidery frame with basket of rich hued silks, and another her easel, three or four ensconced in low Shaker chairs had their sewing and knitting, and presently came two more, with berries to pick over for tea, who seemed to be quite as welcome as the

"Emily is up stairs," said a sweet-voiced girl. "We are sure who you are looking after. You will find the back way neares to IN THE PRIVATE ROOMS.

Another roomy, sunny hall, with a square staircase and the same exquisite neatness, with window seats built out for twilight reveries, and shelves and closets, up stairs, showing it was used as a sewing-room. But the people seemed to work all over the house where it was convenient. Down a narrow, cheerful corridor we turned, where little rooms with screen doors bolted and swing-windows open gave luxurious airiness, and were welcomed at one of them. It was a little room, but so nice the adjustments to individual wants that it had more space than larger ones with our combrons furniture. The slender bed of turned railings, like the Vienna bent wood, took up no useless room. One corner was a draped toilet, another by the window held shelves, and there was place for a writing table, wall bookcases and overdoor brackets for pretty things without crowding, while a trunk closet amply held the wardrobe. How dainty that room was—how peaceful and full of flower scents! Before the call was ended the inmate had turned up her bed to show the clean, fine hair mattress and woven springs, had taken me to the large light bath-room and linen closets, which proved the comforts of the house fell short of none of those in more pretentious homes. I beg your pardon for these details, which mean much to women who earn their bread. But the sunny orchard was inviting us, and down the captiliered walks we went where fruit and espaliered walks we went, where fruit and flowers disputed that this was not Eden. Rods and rods of pinks there were, clove gilliflowers for scent-bags, where you could cut and come again and not miss a blossom; hedges of roses, fuller of fragrance in this cool climate than in the hot South, and you can gather many bushel-baskets of roses from five hundred feet of rose border, besides basil and lavender, lemon verbens and fragrant things unknown, worth their weight in gold.

weight in gold.

"We cannot afford to grow common qualities of things," said the quiet woman who went with us down those lovely paths, where sun and shade were so nicely blended that one might work in comfort any summer day. "Our berries have done finely this year," she went on, stopping at a bed which breathed delicious odor. "All our best sold for 50 cents a basket faster than we could pick them, and none were less than 35.

"You see it pays to grow such berries as these," and she put the leaves aside to show the great Belmonts in their deep carbunclered. A fully ripened strawberry of choice variety is a rarity in these days, and it was like eating jewels of priceless flavor as well

"Few women can earn 50 cents easier than by growing and picking a basket of large berries like these," said the guide. "Our September berries will bring \$1 per basket for invalids," and she turned to another bed where the tiniest berries were making up for size by the exquisite fragrance and flavor of the ever bearing Alpine strawberry, one or two of which perfume a room. "When we can have a strawberry-house it will coin money for us and be so nice for sick people. They crave things out of season sometimes."

"Come this side the walk and have something fresh, won't you!" said a cheery

voice, and we were in the raspberry border. There may be easier ways for women to work than in that half light, sitting by the loaded bushes in low chairs, with broad hats, cool linen dresses and fingerless gloves, the very poetry of usefulness. They were nice, lady-like girls as any playing tennis at the beaches. Down the slope another, with a voice like a blackbird, was singing "Burd Helen" while she wrought, preferring her happy loneliness. "She has an object for her thoughts," laughed one of the others, fancy free.

"Then 'objects' are permitted?"

"Of course!" opening her eyes at the idea.
"They woo, and marry, and leave us, and come back when they are widowed and helpless."

helpless."
"Is not that a burden?"
"Why should it be? We all work and expect to be worth our living and something

"But I have often been told that women would not work." I said, to draw her out; to which she responded significantly that "there was a difference in women." I have

prolonged if the present temperate manner of living is kept up.

Takes the Varnish Off the Laugh.

Philadelphia Times.

A man imagines that he has lots of fun in telling how difficult it is for even a woman to ripen fruit, and don't wash the flavor